

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 45—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1804.

NO. 826.

IDDA OF TOKENBURG;

OR THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine.)

[CONTINUED.]

"COUNT Tokenburg," said the monk, "I come from Ulric, your page, to whose soul may God be merciful! I heard his confession, and he died in my arms. You count have put him to a miserable death, and yet in his last moments he called on Heaven to witness in the most solemn manner his innocence, he could not even conjecture what the offence was, for which you had inflicted so severe a punishment. God must be the judge between you and him. He sends me to you with a request that you will be kind to her on whom he had placed his affections, and who now, since he is no more is without protection."

"Heron whom he had placed his affections," exclaimed the count, clasping his hands in a kind of agony.

"Gertrude the daughter of your late seneschal. She resides—"

"Gertrude? Gertrude? O no! O tell me more."

"All righteous heaven! if he were innocent of this—"

The monk continued—"And he sends to you by me a ring, which a raven let fall from his beak at his feet. He asked me to read for him the name which is engraven on it, and when he found that it was yours he desired me to fetch it to you."

"I have fulfilled my commission, God must judge you count, your page was more righteous than you are." The monk departed with his heart filled with sorrow.

Pale motionless and sunk in a wild and dreadful stupor, sat the count: he could not leave a sigh, or utter a word, for remorse and anguish had fettered his tongue.

At length he cried out in a fearful tone "Idda?"—and in this exclamation all seemed to hear the sentence of death which he pronounced on himself. He rushed down the stairs to his attendants, covering his face, that the murder of Idda might not be read in the paleness of his countenance.

But the angels of heaven had borne on their wings the innocent Idda down the yawning gulf. A bush spread out its branches and broke her fall, and thus she fell from one bush to another, till at length she reached unhurt the soft moss which covered the bottom.—She had fainted with terror; but a gentle shower had restored her to herself. She looked around her amazed, without at first knowing where she was, but soon she recollected all that had passed, and lifted her eyes filled with tears of thankfulness to Heaven which had so wonderfully preserved her. She walked on the bottom where the soft ground only produced reeds and the poisonous fungus; and afterwards climbed up on the side next to the castle, to a projection where elders and wild mulberries grew.

Idda beheld the rays of the sun, which could

not reach the bottom of the cavern, still reflected by the leaves of the trees above; and heard below her the hissing of snakes and the cries of the venomous lizard. She shuddered at her terrible situation, but still more when she thought of the rage of the count. With long and painful exertions she sought a passage out of the cavern, but always in vain. When with much labor she had reached a considerable height, some impassable cleft, or overhanging rock obliged her to return.

"Oh, Tokenburg!" exclaimed she, and stretched out her hand towards the castle at the top, "have I deserved this from thee?"

At length she gave up all hope of finding any way out of the cavern; and with the hope she resigned the wish.

"Yes," said she, "gracious Heaven! thy decree is right. It is better to die than to live with such a man."

She again descended to the projecting precipice, recommended herself to the protection of the holy virgin, reclined her head on the soft moss which covered a part of the rock, and sank into a gentle slumber, with tranquil courage, regardless of the snakes and the venomous reptiles.

Henry now made preparations to seek the body of his murdered Idda. With tears and heavy sighs his servants fastened together ladders and long ropes to descend into the cavern. The count then went with them into the wood on the other side; the ladders were made fast to strong oaks, and by the aid of ropes extended from rock to rock, they descended into the dreadful gulf.

At length they saw by the light of torches, the bottom; and count Henry ordered them to let him down with ropes, notwithstanding all their entreaties that he would not expose himself to such a danger. The cavern, the lower it was descended into became darker; but the torches from above gave light, and the count had one in his hand when he was let down. At length he reached the bottom, and looked on it with shuddering; for he dreaded the fearful sight he expected to find. With a wild gaze he walked slowly forwards, and trembling cast only half glances on the other side of the rock, where he supposed the mangled corpse of Idda must lie.

But he found her not at the bottom, though he made the most careful search. At every step he took he trembled with anxious dread; and as often as he shook his torch to revive its flame he shuddered anew.

"Idda," said he in a faint voice, "Idda. forgive me?"

But he found not the body which he dreaded so much to find.

He raised his torch and looked among the trees and shrubs above him, but neither there could he see what he sought. He now ascended the rock applied his torch to many parts, but still saw nothing. At length he heard near him a sighing voice. He thought it was the complaining ghost of Idda, and started with wild affright, and he dared not look around him.

Again he heard a sigh, and at length fearfully turned his eyes and saw—oh, Heavens! his innocent Idda calmly sleeping in a hollow of the rock. A sudden transport of joy deprived him of utterance. He was all eye; and now he gazed repentantly on Idda, and now looked up with extatic thankfulness to Heaven, when he observed she had received no wound nor injury. He threw himself prostrate before her, kissed the hem of her garments, and bathed her feet with warm tears.

Idda moved in her sleep, and then opened her beautiful eyes. She started up, terrified, on the rock, and still more dread did she manifest when she perceived the count, she gazed on him wildly, for a moment, as he lay before her, as he stretched out to her his hand, and with repentant and humble looks, and in a low and inexpressibly humble voice, said to her—

"My innocent Idda!"

Hastily she covered her eyes, and turned her face from him.

"Idda," exclaimed he, "dearest Idda, pardon?"

She took her hands from her eyes, turned, and again gazed wildly on him. Then suddenly she raised her arms, and looking upwards to the starry heavens—

"Count Tokenburg, said she with a solemn voice, 'above those stars resides the judge of us both, and my avenger; I will pray to him to forgive you what you have done unto me.'"

The count embraced her knees, and said—

"Oh, Idda, forgive me the sudden and violent passion—that raging jealousy which so dreadfully blinded my reason!"

Idda replied calmly—

"Count, when I gave my life for yours, you swore to me never to doubt my affection and fidelity, though an angel from heaven should declare me false, and attest the accusation on the body of the Redeemer. You have broken this oath and murdered me. For that I yet live is a miracle of the angels who protect innocence, and bore me on their wings unhurt. With respect to you I am dead, count Tokenburg. Take me out of this cavern or leave me to perish with hunger, as seemeth to you good, I am no longer yours."

She turned coldly from him with fixed resolution.

"God is all-powerful, and can suffer no injury:—but what shall protect my weakness against your blind pride, against your frantic passion? No, count Henry, I now know that jealousy is the offspring of pride and hatred, and not of love."

"Cannot repentance move thee, my Idda?" said the Count, and kissed the edge of her garment. "The mercy of Heaven may be obtained by penitence: the Judge of the World is to be appeased by repentance."

"Of hatred, Oh, Idda! I conjure thee do me not this injustice."

"Or of contempt, for what is love without confidence?—take me out of this cavern."

By the time the morning began to dawn they were both drawn up out of the dreary gulf.

But though count Henry now fell at the feet of Ida, embracing her knees, and with many tears and sighs entreated her to forgive him, and return with him to the castle; and though all his attendants and vassals came round her, and joined with him in his supplication, she steadily refused.—Henry was at length almost inclined to employ force; but his servants would not have dared to lay their hands on the saint whom Heaven had so wonderfully preserved.—Ida resolutely left her kneeling suppliants, and took her way to Finchingen. The count and his attendants followed her to the gate of the convent.

When she arrived there, the abbess likewise joined in entreaties for the count; but Ida would not consent again to live with him, but passed the remainder of her life here, in sacred silence and retirement in this cell.

When a nun once asked her—"Ida, how couldst thou withstand so much love?"—she replied:—"Love! didst thou say? Can that be love which will suffer the mere sight of my ring in the hands of another to erase from his remembrance my tried fidelity and affection?"

She yielded not to the request of her relations, nor to that of count Kiburg, whom she honored as her father, but remained and died here in the convent. In her last confession she declared that she had never ceased to love count Henry, though she would never consent again to live with him. She dedicated this altar, and the picture over it, to the angels who had borne her down the rock. A learned monk wrote her history as she related it to him, and deposited a copy of it in the convent.

See, Julia, this was Ida's cell; here she abode, and prayed for forgetfulness of her love and firmness of resolution. Here where we sit, she related to the monk, with bitter tears, her fate, her fidelity, and the reward she received for it, from the jealousy of the man she tenderly loved.

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ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

Elate Empress of Russia once sent this great genius a little ivory box made by an Italian. Voltaire, upon this, got his fingers so much hurt in knitting stockings, and was so much fatigued by a pair of white silk, when he presented them to the Empress, with a charming epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he said, that as she had presented him with a box of a man's workmanship, wrought by a woman, he thought it his duty to crave her acceptance of a piece of women's work, wrought by a man.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR eagles had sung, for the night-cloud had lower'd,

*And the sentinel stars set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk to the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die!*

*When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it ag'n.*

*Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine diac'd the sweet way
To the house of my father, that welcom'd me back.*

*I flew to the pleasant fields travell'd so oft
In life's morning march when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.*

*Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly we swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;*

*My little one kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart!*

*Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary, and worn,
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!*

SONNET TO A RUINOUS CASTLE.

*YE mould'ring walls and re'nd piles,
Where grandeur oft hath taken its abode,
Whose lofty towers at distant miles
Are trac'd across the winding road:*

*Time past the residence of noble folk;
Where jocund mirth has grac'd the hall,
And oft the loud and sonorous knock
Resounded thro' the ancient hall;*

*Ages have view'd thee, proud, withstand
The rudest shocks of wind and rain;
But Time's eternal wasting hand
Bids fair to lower thee on the plain.*

*On ev'ry side the spacious rooms
In crumbling fragments lay;
And what were once thy proudest domes
Now dwindle to decay.*

*Thus when the thread of life is spun,
And man no longer blooms in youth,
He feels that Death the race hath won,
And owns with grief the dismal truth.*

EMMA.

*THE dimpled smile on Emma's cheek
Soft lustre spreads around;
Her dark blue eyes have learnt to speak,
And every word's a wound.*

*Her auburn locks in ringlets flow,
On her white bosom rest;
O'er shade a face unknown to woe,
In matchless beauty dress'd.*

*Emma, benevolent and kind,
In native humor gay,
Of beamy form and generous mind,
Come,—smile our cares away.*

A MORNING'S WALK IN NOVEMBER.

WHEN Time's monitory tongue had proclaimed the hour of seven, I arose and took a; I will not say a pleasant—walk. As I stroked along, surveying the gloomy scene around, I exclaimed:

"Voilà la difference! The fields, where lately waved the bearded barley, strip of its smiling treasure, wears a disconsolate countenance. Where are the mountain larks that thrilled their soft symphonies in air? Where black-birds that filled with mellifluous music the shady copse? Has the dreary season untuned their pipes, and robbed their throats of melody? How dull each object that once inspired delight! The eye no longer loves to view the landscape. A choir of plummy musicians no longer enchants the ear, nor perfumes fragrant as those of Arabia ravish the sense. Not one sunny ray; nor one particle of warmth, from the great fountain of heat, sheds its comfortable influence on walk. A sullen silence reigns

"Through all yon saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil."

THOMPSON.

"Well might the grove look sad, when Philomela, the leader of the feathered band, and some other inferior performers, were emigrated to distant regions, where brighter suns illumine fairer skies.

ANECDOTE.

IN one of our early wars with Spain, two English knights had the good fortune to take prisoner a Spanish count. No exchange being proposed by either party, he was retained, and accompanied them to London, until his ransom should be paid, or arrangements made for the return of prisoners.

After the lapse of a year, during which nothing favorable transpired, he begged permission to write to his only son, a minor, as he was certain his ransom would be paid immediately this was agreed to, and in two months the son arrived, and agreed to remain in his father's place until the payment of his ransom.

The old count arrived safely in Spain, and died within a week after he had reached Madrid; but not before he had written a letter to the British ambassador, specifying that his son was a prisoner in England, and mentioned the names and abode of the knights. The envoy on his return made strict search for them, but as they industriously eluded pursuit, seven months elapsed before they were discovered. Both refused to disclose where the young count was, upon which they were confined in one of their houses. They endeavored to escape, and after wounding three of their guards, one was shot, and the other escaped unhurt with the young count, who served him as a page, to Westminster-abbey. A reward being offered for his apprehension, he immediately surrendered himself and his charge, and after being set at liberty, wrote to the count R——, the young lord's uncle, a free and perspicuous account of the affair, not forgetting to tell of the young count's knowledge of the whole transaction, and his strict adherence to his promise of not discovering himself without his keeper's leave. The young count was distinguished by his sovereign for nobleness of mind, and recommended to the young nobility as a pattern of truth and friendship.

The count remitted the ransom shortly after with a present for the widow of the deceased knight, for whose death he was sincerely grieved, and corresponded with the surviving knight till death closed his days.

TO DORVAL.

IT grieves me Dorval, sorely grieves,
To see you in a pet,
Why can you not your muse restrain?
Why will you let her fret.

Reflect, before it is too late,
Curb in your furious steed;
Remember, the Old Proverb says,
"The more haste the less speed."

With pain I've mark'd your devious path,
And view'd your way-ward course;
Where wilt your wand'rings end at last?
From bad, you're growing worse!

I've strid'd in vain, you to reclaim,
Tried ev'ry lenient art;
And keener remedies applied,
To cool your ardent heart.

Yet still you slight my kind advice,
My best words are but wind;
You will not listen to my voice,
But call me "a foul fiend."

With "vice and folly" next you brand,
"Deceit" you've echo'd o'er;
A "Cloven Hoof" then's introduced,
To show your patron's pow'r!

Then in harmonious numbers sweet,
Your style sublime you raise;
Inlist a brute with "lengthen'd ears,"
To chaunt your motley lays!

For want of "judgment" too I'm blam'd,
In "wisdom" I am lax;
Civilities in heaps you pile,
And raise a grand climax.

With imputations gross and vile,
Mere phantoms of the brain;
You labor hard to tax my muse,
Without proof to maintain.

Read your own words; they testify,
To your sad cost and smart;
That, what to Damon you impute,
Lies rankling at your heart.

You've own'd at last, (what long I've thought,)
That you have "vicious views;"
But then in charity, you charge,
Still greater to my muse!

Your reas'ning then, amounts to this,
Since you will have it so;
"Dorval is either knave or fool,
"Therefore, Damon's ditto!"

DAMON.

P. S. I'll thank you when you moemt again,
Another heat to run;
To steer clear of vulgarity,
For that will spoil the fun.

D.

ANECDOTE.

A simple Hibernian, who was lately brought before the court to be bound over to his good behavior, was told by the Mayor that he must find security in 500 dollars, for twelve months. "Praise your Honor," replied the poor fellow, "I am a bit of a stranger here; and your worship is worth the money, and a good man, and well known, I hope the court will have no objection to you, for they know nothing at all of Pat."

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1804.

Forty-three Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 27th instant.

The Grand Jury of Bergen county, in the state of New-Jersey, have found a bill of indictment for Murder against Aaron Barr, for killing Gen. Hamilton in July in said county.

Jerome Bonaparte, and his Lady, embarked on board the Didon, for more than a week before the sailing of the French frigates from this port for France. We are informed that Mr. Dupont the French agent, went with them as far as New-Haven. The tale of Jerome's having sailed from Baltimore, and the subsequent one of his shipwreck in the Delaware, are totally devoid of truth.

For two weeks before the sailing of the frigates, no strangers were permitted to go on board the Didon. [N. Y. Gaz.]

The Pilot boat which went through the sound with the French Frigates, returned on Wednesday evening. She left the frigates on Saturday evening between 6 and 7 o'clock to the northward of Block-Island. They were becalmed till about one o'clock in the morning, when they went to sea with a good breeze from N. N. E.

A most atrocious and wilful murder was perpetrated in the country of Mecklenburg, in the State of North-Carolina, on Tuesday the 16th ult. on the body of Mr. John Cook, high-sheriff, whilst in the lawful execution of the duties of his office, by a certain Thomas Jarrel, alias Thomas Fitz. Jarrel, by firing a gun at him, the contents of which passed through his head. Unfortunately for Humanity and Justice, the murderer has made his escape, and it is supposed that he will aim for the State of Tennessee. Thomas Jarrel, alias Fitz. Jarrel, is about 22 or 23 years of age; In height 5 feet 10 or 11 inches; his complexion clear and fresh coloured; somewhat pitted with the small pox, the scars of which are large: his hair of a flaxen colour, inclining to a red; he has a scar on the left side of his face, in a line from the eye to the ear, supposed to be a bite; and the color of a raspberry on one of his thighs. He is by trade a waggon maker, subject to drink freely of spirits, and when intoxicated, very quarrelsome. It is hoped, that all friends of justice, order and good government, will use their endeavors to bring this fugitive from justice to exemplary punishment.

LONDON, September 8.

A letter from Rouen of the 18th ult. mentions the following accident:—A harvest man was reaping the wheat in the neighborhood, accompanied by his wife, who suckled a young child; when working she laid the child down upon some wheat. The husband tired of hearing the continual cries of the child, repeatedly told his wife to take it up and feed it. On going towards the child, what was her terror in observing a serpent entering the mouth of the innocent babe! She attempted to draw it out, but it was too late the child was already choaked. At the cries of the mother, the father joined her, overwhelmed her with reproaches, and, in the anger excited in him by his paternal tenderness, he struck this unfortunate woman with his sickle in such a manner, that she fell down dead upon the corpse of the child. The wretched harvest man in despair for a crime disowned by his heart, went immediately to Rouen, and surrendered himself a prisoner.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HOW blist are those whom true affection bind,
Where love with love, and mind unites with mind;
Their beings are by sympathy made one,
And their pure joys in purest currents run.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Frazee Ayres, merchant, to Miss Catharine Pitney, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Thomas Penry, to Miss Ann Rowland, both from Wales.

Same evening Mr. John Blair, to Miss Sarah Moore, both of this city.

On Friday last, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. James Keenan, to Mrs. Rowman, widow of the late Mr. T. Rowman, of this city.

About ten days since, Mr. William Ludlow, aged 18, son of Carey Ludlow, Esq. to Miss Eliza Elder, of Greenwich, aged 15, daughter of Mrs. Ann Elder.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, capt. Henry Chew, of the brig Charleston Packet, to Miss Mary Curtis, of New-Jersey.

MORTALITY.

DEATH ends our woes,
And the kind grave shuts out the mournful scene.

DIED,

On Friday evening last, of the small pox, in the 23d year of his age, Mr. CHARLES B. RICH, printer, late of Brookfield, Massachusetts.

At Bordeaux, on the 27th of August, capt. FARRELL, of the ship Fablos, of Alexandria. Lately at New-Orleans, Mr. HOFCHKISS, Contractor to the army.

At Point-Petre, capt. Sisson, of the ship Hopewell of this port.

ERRATA.—In the piece signed Dorval in last weeks Museum, line 22, for "Etheriel," read "Ithriel."

THEATRE.

On Monday Evening will be presented, a Comedy, called

The Natural Son,
TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
The Prize.

HUTCHINGS IMPROVED

ALMANACK:

FOR THE YEAR 1805: FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE
ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

Also, a large assortment of
BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS.

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THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

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And the sentinel stars set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk to the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die!

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young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd a
From my home
part;
My little one I
And my wife

Stay! stay with
worn,
And faint with
But sorrow ven
And the voice

SONNET

YE *would'ring*
Where grand
Whose lofty towers
Are trac'd

Time past the
Where join
And oft the lo
Resounded

Ages have riev
The rudest
But Time's etc
Bids fair to

On every side
In crumbling
And what were
Now dwind

Thus when the thread of life is spun,
And man no longer blooms in youth,
He feels that Death the race hath won,
And owns with grief the dismal truth.

EMMA.

THE *dimpled smile on Emma's cheek*
Soft lustré spreads around;
Her dark blue eyes have learnt to speak,
And every word's a wound.

Her auburn locks in ringlets flow,
On her white bosom rest;
O'er shade a face unknown to woe,
In matchless beauty dress'd.

Emma, benevolent and kind,
In native humor gay,
Of beauteous form and generous mind,
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LIGHT PRIN

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Remember, the Old Proverb says,
"The more haste the less speed."

With pain I've mark'd your devious path,
And view'd your way-ward course;
Where wilt your wand'rings end at last?
From bad, you're growing worse!

I've striv'd in vain, you to reclaim,
Tried ev'ry lenient art;
And keener remedies applied,
To cool your ardent heart.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1804.

Forty-three Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 27th instant.

The Grand Jury of Bergen county, in the state of New-Jersey, have found a bill of indictment for Murder against Aaron Burr, for killing Gen. Hamilton in July in said county.

Jerome Bonaparte, and his Lady, embarked on board the Didon, for more than a week before the sailing of the French frigates from this port for France. We are informed that Mr. Dupont the French agent, went with them as far as New-Haven. The tale of Jerome's having sailed from Baltimore, and the subsequent one of his shipwreck in the Delaware, are totally devoid of truth.

For two weeks before the sailing of the frigates, no strangers were permitted to go on board the Didon. [N. Y. Gaz.]

which went through the sound gates, returned on Wednesday the frigates on Saturday and 7 o'clock to the northward. They were becalmed in the morning, when they had a good breeze from N. N. E.

and wilful murder was perpetrated by Mecklenburg, in the prison, on Tuesday the 16th Mr. John Cook, high-sheriff, execution of the duties of the prison Thomas Jarrel, alias "Fits," by firing a gun at him, which passed through his head. Humanity and Justice, the his escape, and it is supposed for the State of Tennessee. is Fits. Jarrel, is about 22 or 23 years of age, height 5 feet 10 or 11 inches clear and fresh coloured; with the small pox, the scars of a hair of a flaxen colour, in the face has a scar on the left side of the forehead to the ear, supposed the color of a raspberry. He is by trade a waggon driver, and very quarrelsome. It is hoped that the sense of justice, order and good sense their endeavors to bring justice to exemplary punishment.

LONDON, September 8.

A letter from Rouen of the 18th ult. mentions the following accident:—A harvest man was reaping the wheat in the neighborhood, accompanied by his wife, who suckled a young child; when working she laid the child down upon some wheat. The husband tired of hearing the continual cries of the child, repeatedly told his wife to take it up and feed it. On going towards the child, what was her terror in observing a serpent entering the mouth of the innocent babe. She attempted to draw it out, but it was too late the child was already choked. At the cries of the mother, the father joined her, overwhelmed her with reproaches, and, in the anger excited in him by his paternal tenderness, he struck this unfortunate woman with his sickle in such a manner, that she fell down dead upon the corpse of the child. The wretched harvest man in despair for a crime disowned by his heart, went immediately to Rouen, and surrendered himself a prisoner.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HOW bliss are those whom true affections bind,
Where love with love, and mind unites with mind;
Their beings are by sympathy made one,
And their pure joys in purest currents run.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Frazee Ayres, merchant, to Miss Catharine Pitney, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. Thomas Penry, to Miss Ann Rowland, both from Wales.

Same evening Mr. John Blair, to Miss Sarah Moore, both of this city.

On Friday last, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. James Keenan, to Mrs. Rowman, widow of the late Mr. T. Rowman, of this city.

About ten days since, Mr. William Ludlow, aged 18, son of Carey Ludlow, Esq. to Miss Etiza Elder, of Greenwich, aged 15, daughter of Mrs. Ann Elder.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, capt. Henry Chew, of the brig Charleston Packet, to Miss Mary Curtis, of New-Jersey.

MORTALITY.

DEATH ends our woes,
And the kind grave shuts out the mournful scene.

DIED.

On Friday evening last, of the small pox, in the 23d year of his age, Mr. CHARLES B. RICH, printer, late of Brookfield, Massachusetts.

At Bordeaux, on the 27th of August, capt. FARRELL, of the ship Fablus, of Alexandria. Lately at New-Orleans, Mr. HOTCHKISS, Contractor to the army.

At Point-Petre, capt. SISSON, of the ship Hopewell of this port.

ERRATA.—In the piece signed Dorval in last week's Museum, line 22, for "Etheriel," read "Ithuriel."

THEATRE.

On Monday Evening will be presented, a Comedy, called

The Natural Son,
TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
The Prize.

HUTCHINGS IMPROVED
ALMANACK:

FOR THE YEAR 1805: FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE
ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

Also, a large assortment of
BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS.

Since you will hate it so;
"Dorval is either knave or fool,
"Therefore, Damon's ditto!"

DAMON.

P. S. I'll thank you when you meet again,
Another heat to run;
To steer clear of vulgarity,
For that will spoil the fun.

D.

ANECDOTE.

A simple Hibernian, who was lately brought before the court to be bound over to his good behavior, was told by the Mayor that he must find security in 500 dollars, for twelve months. "Please your Honor," replied the poor fellow, "I am a bit of a stranger here; and your worship is worth the money, and a good man, and well known, I hope the court will have no objection to you, for they know nothing at all of Pat."

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

ON Niagara's steep resounding shore
An Indian Chief, his nation's father, stood;
His warlike weapons in his belt he bore,
And frantic eyed the white, impetuous flood.
"Shall I survive my brother's doom?" he cri'd,
And see them from their native forests drove?
See cruel whites their hunting grounds divide,
In which with them I us'd to dance and rove?
"Great God! what right have they to seize this
land?
Was it created for their use alone?
Didst thou give THEM o'er all the earth command,
And give us nothing we could call our own?
"They say we are a savage, brutish race,
"Not fit to rank with civilia'd mankind;
Our actions void of dignity and grace,
Our minds untutor'd, manners unrefin'd.
"If being kind to strangers in distress,
To friendship true, revengeful of a wrong,
Be savage, brutish, we are then no less;
Such epithets to us, we own, belong.
"Oh may we never never learn those arts
They praise and practice, but continue wild;
Possess for ever bold, resentful hearts,
And not the fearful feelings of a child.
"My fallen country!—curst be the hour
Refin'd Europeans found our happy shore,
Hear me, O God!—hear thou eternal pow'r,—
On them thy curses everlasting pour.
"Let them ne'er taste the bear's delicious meat,
The maple's sweetness, nor the poignant grape;
Let them from carnage find no safe retreat;
Destruction seize them cloth'd in horrid shape.
"This hand has often laid their fellow's low;
This knife has scalp'd more shatter'd heads
than one;
And were they here I would my prowess show,
And do again what oft, ere now, I've done.
"But ah, no more shall I their warriors fight,
Nor feast on white men's flesh and blood again!
Great Spirit, take me to thy blissful sight!—
I come, my God, with thee to live and reign."
He ceas'd and plung'd into the roaring flood,
His God receiv'd him with the brave and good.

ANECDOTE.

A lawyer upon the last circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect until the opposite lawyer asked what made him cry? *He pinch'd me,* answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter—*Lon. pap.*

J. GREENWOOD.

Dentist to the late President G. Washington.
INFORMS the public that he continues to perform every operation incident to the TEETH & GUMS, from the filling in of a single tooth to a complete set.
J. G. flatters himself that his long experience in the Art enables him to fix in Artificial teeth as firm and as natural in appearance as it is possible for them to be done. He has not been exceeded as yet in the line of his profession and he could with propriety say more, but words are but wind—"Experience is the Touch Stone."
N.B. J. G. may be consulted on all complaints of the Teeth and Gums, and advice given free from expense, at his house No. 13 opposite the Park four doors from the Theatre, towards St. Paul's Church.
Oct. 27. 1803. 824 1m.

MORALIST.

HOPE.

WE cannot but consider hope as a strong mark of the divine pity; for, after the fatal fall of our first parents, which entailed upon us all the miseries of this painful life, how could we be able to support them without the hope of a change? In true hope, which is the consolation of the unfortunate, is the only support of mortals in this world; for that revives the most dejected spirits and whatever evils may befall a man, so long as hope accompanies him it will not fail to support him. Like some powerful cordials, of which but a few drops serve to strengthen the heart, however weak it may be, it has the virtue of encouraging those who amidst the adversities of this life, are in want of courage to preferve to the end of their mortal career. Poverty, sick-persecution, and all the other ills of this life, are softened by hope.

FRENCH STORE.

No. 253 BROAD-WAY,

OPPOSITE THE NEW-CITY-HALL.

F. Dubois, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery, Jewellery, and fancy articles, viz—fine Pomatum plain and scented Powder, Perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented Soaps and Wash-Balls, Milk of Roses, India Wool, Tablets, Face and Pearl Powder, Antique Oil, sweet scented Pens, Burning Pistils to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Rospine's Dentifrice, the Damask Lip Salve, Tortoise shell, ivory, horn, and lead Combs, Scissors, Pen-knives, Razors, and Razor Straps, dressing Boxes, Artificial flowers and Plumes, Elastic and Querno Garters, Swelling Boules, Pinching and Curling tongs, Gold Pearl and Fauc Earrings, Ladies and Gentlemen's. Suspender, Frisettes, and all kinds of ornamental Hair for Ladies head dresses. The Jessamine and Violet Oil for thickening preserving and restoring the hair, the Circassian Liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black color to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence Office where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow of Good Characters.

Oct 27 1804.

824 1f.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PARISE respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he has returned from the country, and will continue for the winter season at No. 253 William Street, Those that wish to have real likenesses finely painted on reasonable terms please to apply at the above number, where specimens of his painting may be seen.

N. B. Hair devices of all kinds handsomely executed, likewise fancy and historical pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle work.

November and, 1804.

826 4f.

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 236 William Street, and by G. Camp No. 123 Pearl Street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the first quality.

Dec. 17.

N. SMITH.

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York, Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rule,) No. 124 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

SMITH's improved chemical Milk of Roses is well known for clearing the Skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sun-burns; has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving,—with printed directions,—6s. 8s, and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.—do, Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatons 1s. per pot, or 100, double 2s.

His white Almond Wash-Ball, 1s. 2s. & 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor 2s. and 3s. do. Vegetable

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His fine colicoid Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's favynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Colicoid immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking,—Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lb.

Smith's Circassian Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chemical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving boxes, Dressing cases, Pen-knives, Scissor Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn-combs, superfine white; Scent Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh & free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. * * * Great allowance to those who buy to fill again.

December 6 1803.

805 1y.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he proposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Banker-Street.

W. D. LEZELL.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.